

Gabby Hayes



A Fawcett Publication

Western

MAY

10¢

NO. 6

**TOUGH! ROUGH!
GRUFF!**

AND
HE'S THE MOST TALKATIVE
AND THE MOST TALKED-OF
WRANGLER AROUND THE
CORRALS!

CHIEF GRAY MATTER in



HYAR COMES CHIEF GRAY MATTER! HE'S A SOFT TOUCH! WATCH ME GET A FEW BUCKS FROM HIM!



HOWDY, CHIEF! I'M SHORE GLAD TUH SEE YUH!



THAT MEANS YOU WANT MONEY FROM ME! UGH?

ER--- THAT'S RIGHT, OLD PAL! HOW 'BOUT GIVING YOZE BEST FRIEND FIVE BUCKS!



ONLY THING I GIVE YOU IS ADVICE-- SO GET JOB! THEN NO NEED ASK FOR MONEY!

I DON'T NEEBO YOZE ADVICE! AND I DON'T NEED A JOB! MESBE YUH DONT KNOW IT, BUT WHEN MUH UNCLE DIED, HE LEFT A FORTUNE BEHIND HIM!



I KNOW YOUR UNCLE LEFT A FORTUNE BEHIND HIM WHEN HE DIED ----



--- SHERIFF SHOOT YOUR UNCLE SNEAKING OUT OF BANK HE TRY TO ROB! HE LEAVE FORTUNE BEHIND HIM IN BANK! UGH!



GABBY HAYES

and "The Caveman"



When Gabby tracks down a caveman, it is a momentous incident in his life, for he almost gets **CAVED IN!**

SHUCKS! AIN'T NO
CAVEMAN HEREABOUTS.
BODKINS! AND IFFEN
THAR WUZ, I'D TIE THE
GALOOT IN KNOTS!

GULP!

WE FIND SLIM DAGGLE, SHERIFF OF THE TOWN OF RAWHIDE, HIS OFFICE ASSISTANT, BODKINS, AND GABBY HAYES RIDING THE MOUNTAIN REGIONS...

HVAR'S POWDER PASS. NOW WHAR'S
THE DINGBUSTED CAVEMAN WHAT'S
SUPPOSED TO ROB EVERYBODY?
I THINK THE WHOLE YARN IS
A LOTTA HOGWASH!

AHHH!

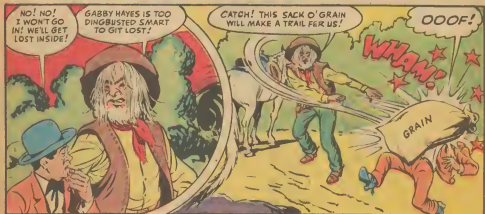
ALL THEM
VICTIMS CAN'T
BE LYING, GABBY!
IT'S UP TO ME TO
INVESTIGATE!

OH, DEAR!
I SHOULDN'T
HAVE COME
WITH THEM!
ME WITH A
SORE
THROAT!

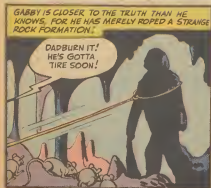
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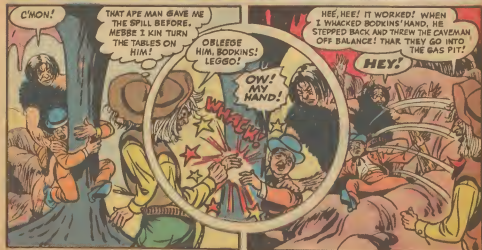


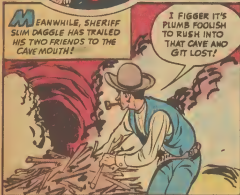
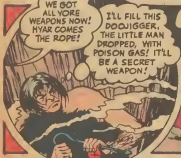


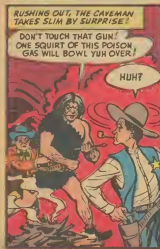














MUSKETEERS of THE WEST

in
"ARMED--
FOR
DEATH!"

MARK, BUCK AND LARIAT, THE MUSKETEERS OF THE WEST, COME UPON THE SILENT REMAINS OF A PLUNDERED, PILLAGED WAGON-TRAIN!

NOT A SOUL LEFT ALIVE! LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF A MURDERING BAND OF CUTTHROATS!

THEY'VE BEEN ROBBED CLEAN OF EVERYTHING WORTH TAKING! THESE WAGON-TRAINS ARE ALL NEWLY OUTFITTED BEFORE STARTING ACROSS THE NEW TERRITORY!

I'D LIKE TO MEET THE ONES RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MASSACRE! WHY I'D--

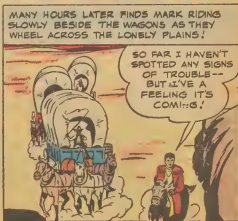
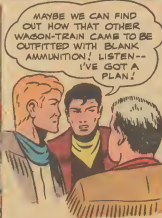
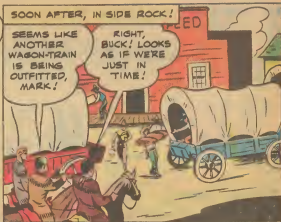
MARK! LARIAT! LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND!

I FOUND THIS RIFLE AND THESE FEW CARTRIDGES BESIDE ONE OF THE SETTLERS. HE WAS RELOADING WHEN KILLED, BUT THESE CARTRIDGES ARE DUDS--THEY'RE BLANKS!

JUMPING GOPHERS! WHAT ABOUT THE AMMUNITION THE OTHERS WERE USING?

BLANKS TOO! THIS WAGON-TRAIN WAS OUTFITTED WITH WORTHLESS AMMUNITION! THE BOXES ARE MISSING, BUT I EXAMINED SOME OF THE BULLETS STILL IN THE GUNS!





SUDDENLY, LIKE AN EVIL WIND, A BAND OF YELPING HORSEMEN SWEEPS DOWN UPON THE SMALL WAGON-TRAIN!

YAHOO! WAAA!

BANG!

BANG!
BANG!

PULL THE
WAGONS INTO
A CIRCLE! IT
WILL ACT AS
A BARRICADE!

QUICK--GIT THAT
AMMUNITION BOX
OPEN--AND
LOAD UP
FAST!

I GOT IT
HYAR, JEFF!

AND, AS THE THUNDERING
HOOF OF THE BANDITS'
HORSES DRAW NEARER...

WAIT--I WANT
TO HAVE A LOOK
AT THAT AMMU-
NITION BOX!

WHAT
FER?

FOR THIS!
THESE CARTRIDGES
ARE NOTHING
BUT *BLANKS*!
THERE'S NO USE
EXAMINING THE
OTHER BOXES--
IT'LL BE THE
SAME ANSWER!

LEAPING
LIZARDS!
WITHOUT
AMMUNITION
WE'LL BE
MASSACRED
FER
SHORE!

HERE THEY
COME--THE
COWARDS!
THEY KNOW
WE'RE HELP-
LESS!

START FIRING
WITH WHATEVER
GOOD BULLETS
YOU HAVE IN
YOUR GUNS
NOW! HELP IS
COMING!

BANG!
BANG!

JUST AS MARK SPEAKS, TWO RIDERS RACE
UP TO THE SCENE!

RIDE STRAIGHT
IN BETWEEN THE ENDS
OF THE WAGONS,
LARIAT!

BANG!
BANG!

NICE GOING,
MUSKETEERS--!

HERE'S ONE BOX OF
AMMUNITION, MARK!
LARIAT'S GOT
ANOTHER!

BUT HOW DID YUH FELLOWS KNOW?

WE FIGURED THIS WOULD HAPPEN SO MY TWO FRIENDS TRAILED THE WAGONS WITH THESE BOXES OF GOOD AMMUNITION! START LOADING!



THE ATTACKERS GET A RUDE SURPRISE AS REAL BULLETS ANSWER THEIR CHARGE AND BEAT OFF THE ATTACK!

YAHOO! THEY'RE HI-TAILING IT BACK TO THE HILLS! WE'VE WON!

THANKS TO THE MUSKETEERS OF THE WEST!



WE OWE YUH OUR LIVES-- ALL OF US! WE'LL NEVER FERGIT YUH FER THIS!

WE'RE GLAD WE COULD HELP! NOW WE'RE RIDING BACK TO TOWN TO TAKE CARE OF HARRY CREAMER BEFORE HE TRIES OUTFITTING ANY MORE WAGONS!

SOON AFTER, IN TOWN, HARRY CREAMER IS SURPRISED AT MARK'S RETURN!

YOU--! YOU'RE BACK!

SAFE AND SOUND, CREAMER, LIKE THE WAGON-TRAIN IS! YOUR GAME IS OVER, YOU RUTHLESS MURDERER!

THIS IS FOR ALL THE OTHER WAGON-TRAINS YOU'VE SENT TO THEIR DOOM! AND NOW I'M OUTFITTING YOU WITH A COLD CELL IN THE JAILHOUSE!

UUUHH!



LATER, WITH HARRY CREAMER BEHIND BARS---

NOW WAGON-TRAINS CROSSING THE PLAINS WILL HAVE A FAIR, FIGHTING CHANCE! CREAMER WON'T BE OUTFITTING THEM WITH BLANK BULLETS!

RIGHT, BUCK! HE WORKED IN COOPERATION WITH THE BANDITS, GETTING HALF THE MONEY AND LOOT THEY TOOK, IN RETURN FOR OUTFITTING THE WAGONS WITH USELESS AMMUNITION!

LET'S RIDE ON, NOW! THERE'S PLENTY MORE WORK TO BE DONE! FORWARD, MUSKETEERS!

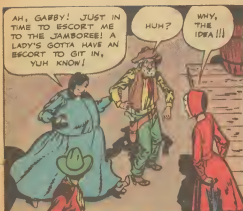
MARK, BUCK AND LARIAT GALLOP OFF TO NEW ADVENTURES! RIDE THE TRAIL OF WESTERN THRILLS WITH THE MUSKETEERS OF THE WEST IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF GABBY HAYES WESTERN!

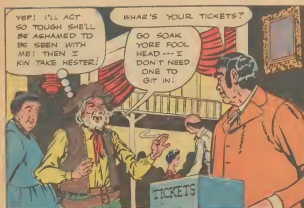
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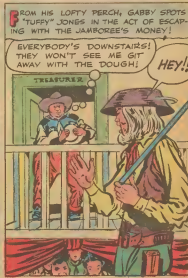


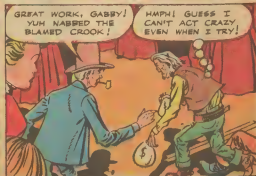
GABBY HAYES

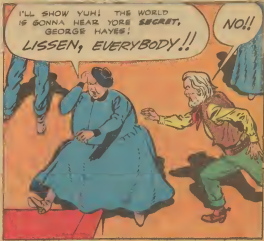


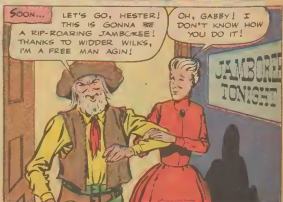
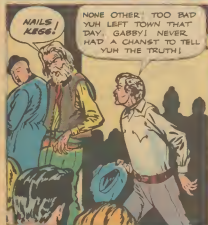


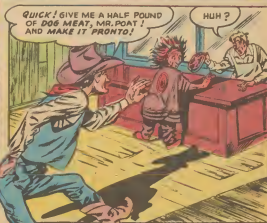














POISON CREEK

A BUCK DESMOND Yarn

By Dick Kraus



BUCK DESMOND gave his horse his head, and the big bay moved wearily up the rise. The Arizona sun beat down oppressively. All the rambling cowboy could see behind him was sunbaked sand and cactus, with a few sparse patches of prairie grass, where lean cattle grazed.

But then the bay pushed over the crest of the hill.

For the first time, Buck could see what lay in the valley ahead of him.

He caught his breath in surprise!

For there, in a narrow valley perhaps a half-mile long and a quarter-mile wide, was the greenest spot Buck had seen East of the Mississippi. Grass covered prairie, row on row of fruit trees and neatly plowed, black-soiled fields. It was a real oasis in the desert! Buck reined in the bay and looked down at the valley with admiration reflected in his sun-tanned face.

"Some hombre's put an awful lot of work into irrigating that spread," he mused. He spurred the bay forward. "Let's water up, boy!"

But as Buck rode down the hillside into the green valley, he saw that there was a group of cowmen there before him. Their faces were grim, as they looked down toward the edge of the creek that meandered through the valley. Buck followed their gaze, and saw that they were looking at several dead cattle . . . cows and mavericks!

He rode up silently, in time to hear one of the cowmen, a lean, dark-faced man, exclaim, "Pizened! I tell you, they've been pizened a-purpose! Markham must have done it himself!"

"Walt a minute, Greer," an older, white-haired rancher cautioned him. "We don't know it was poison that killed them."

Buck Desmond rode easily into the group.

Ha tipped his weather-beaten Stetson as they turned toward him. "Howdy, gents." He indicated the bloated, stiff cattle lying by the water's edge. "Having a little trouble?"

The older man nodded. "Just lost five head of cattle. And Jim Greer here has a hunch they've been poisoned!"

"A hunch!" the lean rancher exclaimed angrily. He flung himself fiercely to the

water's edge, and dipped his hand in it. It looked oily, unhealthily thick. "Smell that!" he shouted angrily. "Sulphate o' some kind! It's been pizened a-purpose to keep our cattle away! And the only man who could-a done it is Clint Markham! He's the only one who doesn't run stock in the hills!"

THAT'S A STRONG accusation, Greer! The riders whirled. There, facing them, standing in clay-stained work boots, was a short, broad man. In his hand he carried a shovel, gripped tightly. He was looking hard at Jim Greer.

"Saying I poisoned your cattle is something you've got to prove," he went on slowly. "Suppose you start. Or else admit you're lying . . . right now!"

"Lying?"

Jim Greer's face flamed red. His hand moved blur-like toward his holster. But even as he whipped his Colt up there was another blur. A gun butt smashed hard across his wrist, and he dropped his gun. Every face turned toward Buck Desmond, for it was he who had stopped the gunplay, acting with lightning reflexes!

Buck now held his gun in his hand easily.

"You gents better not act too hastily," he said. "Suppose you go on home and think it over. Markham's not going to run out on you!"

One of the older men said, "I don't know who you are, son, but you make a heap of sense. C'mon, Greer! Let's get moving. We can settle this later on."

In a group, the ranchers rode out of sight through the trees. Then Buck turned to the short man who stood by the dead cattle, still clutching his spade.

"You're Markham, eh?" he said. "My handle's Buck Desmond. Suppose you tell me what the ruckus is about."

Markham looked up at him intently for a moment. Then he grinned slowly. "I get so I don't trust anybody, Mister," he said. "But you look square!" He pointed at the green valley—at the fruit trees and the waving grass fields. "I built this up in the last five years," he said. "Dug wells, pumped water, tapped some springs, plowed it, built windbreaks, seeded the soil. I put in

a lot of time and money. This is the only spot in two hundred miles growing fruit."

Buck nodded. "It's a good job."

"And a hard one," Markham said. "But I've had trouble all along from the ranchers. Evidently they're afraid farmers'll fence off all the land and they'll have no grazing land."

"I see," Buck said. He looked at the dead cattle. "And then today—"

"They found these calves an' cows dead—poisoned by drinking from my creek. But I didn't poison the water," Markham said earnestly. "Why should I? I'm all alone here. I can't buck a dozen ranchers by myself."

"But someone poisoned the water," Buck said. "Who? And why?"

Markham shook his head helplessly. "I can't think. Except that—the one who's been riding me all along has been Jim Greer, the thin fella who started to draw on me. But I can't believe that he'd deliberately poison his own cattle to drive me out."

"Some men are strange that way," Buck said. "Suppose you tell me where I can find Greer's ranch. Then, when it gets dark, tonight . . ."

BUCK DESMOND went on a little ride that night. He explored a corral, and a shed, and a desk, and a barn! And when he rode back to Markham's green valley, his jaw was set.

"Markham," he said. "Get riding! Round up all the ranchers you know—every one. Tell them this thing is going to be settled tonight! Have them assemble on the road past Jim Greer's spread . . . at twelve!"

Markham went to work fast.

At eleven-thirty, the ranchers started drifting in, gray shadows in the night. One by one they came, their guns loosened in their holsters. When they were all there, at twelve, Buck Desmond held up his hand.

"There's been trouble on this range," he said softly. "A creek's been poisoned and cattle have died. We want to find out why. To start with we're going to pay a call on Jim Greer. Let's go!"

They rode up to Jim Greer's front door. As the clip-clop of their hoofs sounded through the night, Greer came out, holding a lantern high. "What's goin' on?" he asked.

"We want a look at your barn, Greer," Buck Desmond said. "Do you mind, or have you something to hide?"

Greer's shoulders hunched for a moment. Then he straightened. "Go ahead," he said hoarsely. "But I don't know what you think you'll find!"

The burly ranchers crowded into the barn, Buck Desmond in the lead. They looked around, but nothing appeared to be out of line. Then Buck pointed a slender finger at an unoccupied stall. There seemed to be a stack of cans in it, covered by a gray horse blanket.

"What have you got there, Greer?" he asked.

"There? Just some empty paint cans!"

Buck threw the blanket off. The cans were empty all right. But as Buck took some of the top ones off, the ranchers could see that one of the cans on the bottom had a white liquid in it. Buck pointed at it. "Empty?" he said. "How about that?"

For the first time, Greer lost control. "That's milk," he stammered. "I keep a milk cow out back."

"Milk," Buck said calmly. He held the can out. "Drink some! It'll do you good!"

Greer came forward slowly, as if to accept the can. But as Buck held it forward, the lean rancher suddenly cursed furiously. His hand slipped low to his waist gunbelt. For the second time that day, it came up holding a Colt. Guns roared and flame streaked out. Acrid fumes filled the air. Then Jim Greer slumped forward to the barn floor, clutching at his gun hand.

Buck Desmond still held the can in his left hand, and in his right was a smoking .45. He nodded at the other men, then at the can.

"Sulphate," he said. "The same poison that killed your cattle. I found it here when I went exploring earlier. Evidently Greer had poisoned the cattle himself, hoping to throw suspicion on Markham and get him in trouble."

"But why?" asked one of the ranchers. "Where would it get him?"

"I did a little more exploring," Buck said. "In Greer's desk tonight, I found some letters from a Phoenix lawyer. Through the lawyer, he's been trying to buy Markham's valley cheap! He was getting anxious and probably figured the only way to get the property was to make it so tough for Markham that he'd have to leave!"

BUCK looked down at the crestfallen Greer. "He's the one that will be leaving now," Buck said, "on a long trip to the state penitentiary."

THE END

Hit the trail to excitement with BUCK DESMOND in every issue of GABBY HAYES WESTERN.

GABBY HAYES

and

HIS GHOST TOWN

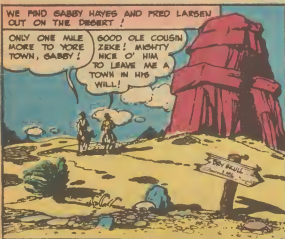


GABBY'S BONES RATTLE AND HIS BEARD CURLS WHEN HE VISITS HIS INHERITED TOWN, DRY SKULL! THE GIFT PACKAGE ALSO CONTAINS THREE GUN-SLINGING HOMBRES WHO ALMOST SUCCEED IN GIVING GABBY A HALO AND WINGS!

WE FIND GABBY HAYES AND FRED LARSEN OUT ON THE DESERT!

ONLY ONE MILE MORE TO YORE TOWN, GABBY!

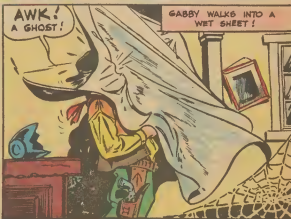
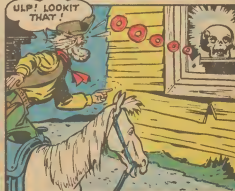
GOOD OLE COUSIN ZEKE! MIGHTY NICE O' HIM TO LEAVE ME A TOWN IN HIS WILL!

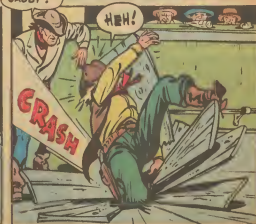
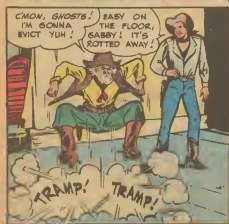
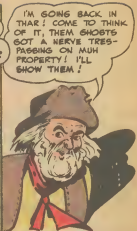


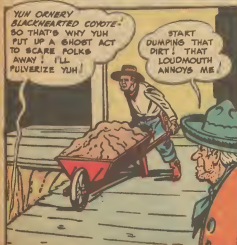
BITE DUST, CORKER! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE IT!

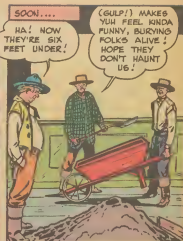
STOP!



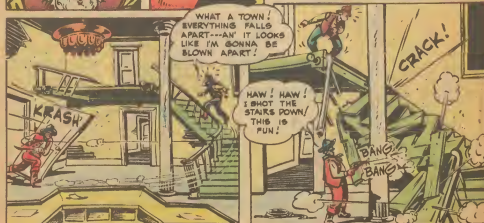


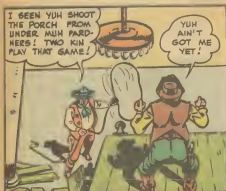


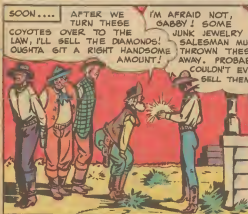












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LOCO LEW

"IN RIDDLE"

HOWDY, LOCO LEW.

HOWDY, BUCK.

I DON'T KNOW WHY EVERYBODY SAYS
YOU'RE SO DUMB, YUH SEEM
OKAY TUH ME.

THANKS.

SAY! WHUT HAS SIXTEEN
FEET, GREEN BULGING EYES,
AND A PURPLE
BODY WITH FUZZY
YELLOW STRIPES
AROUND IT?

HUH?


I SAID WHUT HAS SIXTEEN
FEET, GREEN BULGING EYES,
AND A PURPLE BODY WITH
FUZZY YELLOW STRIPES
AROUND IT?

ER,
LET'S SEE
NOW. HMMMM.

IT'S NO USE, I DON'T KNOW. I GIVE UP, LOCO LEW.
WHAT HAS SIXTEEN FEET, GREEN BULGING EYES AND
A PURPLE BODY WITH FUZZY
YELLOW STRIPES AROUND IT?

I DON'T
KNOW
EITHER--

--- BUT YUH'D BETTER PICK
IT OFF YORE NECK!



KEEP THAT
GUN HANDY, TIPPY!
THAT FELLOW IS CROOKED!
HE EVEN TRIES TO
DOUBLE-CROSS HIS
OWN SHADOW!

Illustration: 1980s • From the *Teen Titans* comic

THE TEEN TITANS

Illustration: 1980s
of *Teen Titans*



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